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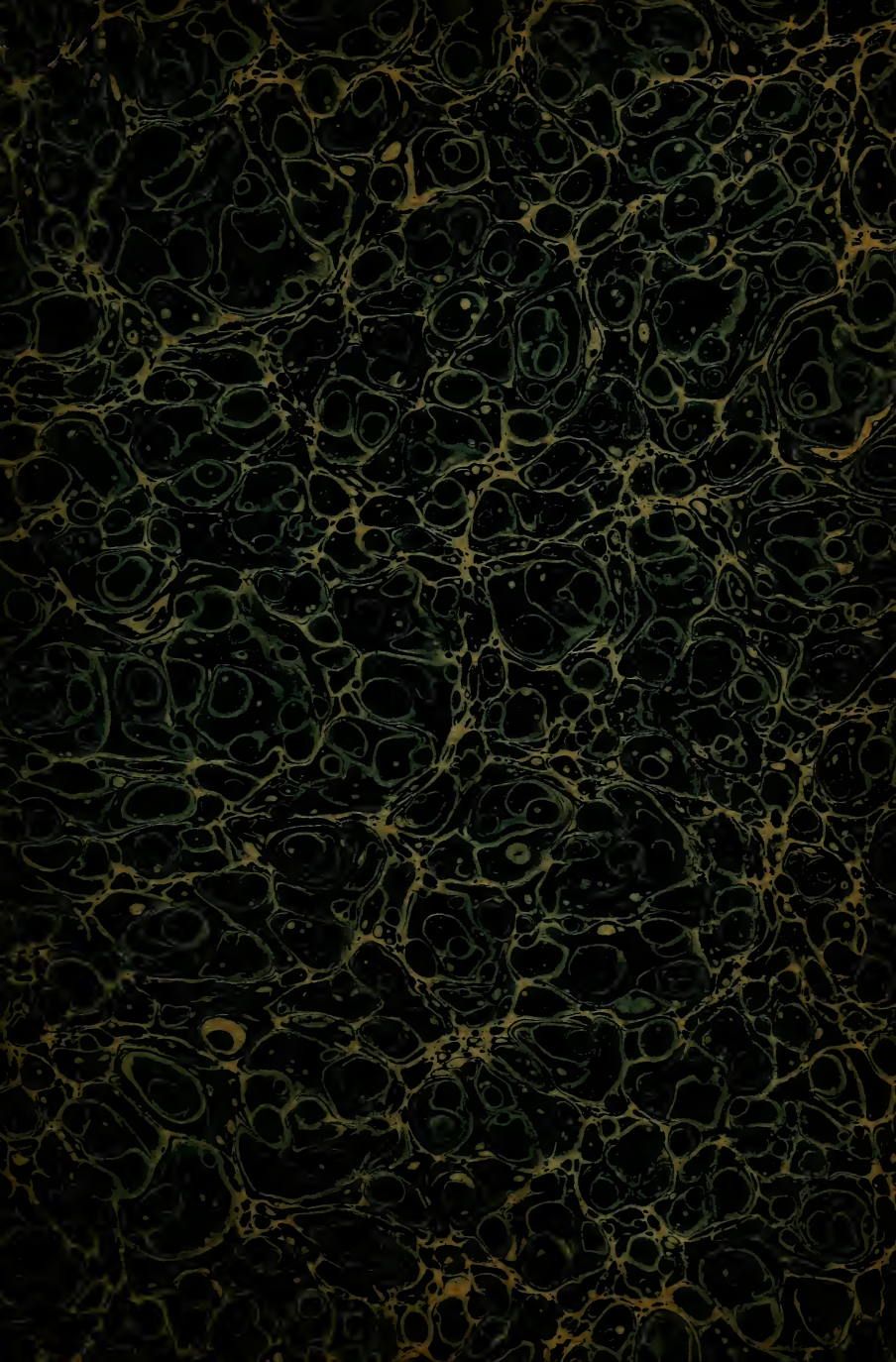

TRADITIONARY STORIES.

EXTANT AMONG THE

TAPOIA INDIANS

INHABITING THE VALLEY OF THE MIDDLE AMAZON IN

NORTHERN BRAZIL.

COLLATED BY

EDWARD SPRAGUE RAND,

PARA, BRAZIL,

A LITERAL TRANSLATION FROM NOTES TAKEN OF THE NARRATIONS OF THE NATIVES IN THEIR OWN TONGUE.

GEO. S. DAVIS, DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.
1882.

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PREFACE.

These fables as here submitted are literal reproductions of traditions communicated with great fidelity through many generations of the natives of Brazil. Mr. Rand in his botanical researches in the Valley of the Amazon was necessarily brought into intimate relations with these tribes, and being frequently entertained at different points with the narrations of these fables, was so struck with the remarkable similarity of the language of each narrator, that he determined to reproduce it verbatim. He has kindly presented us with a translation of his notes and the fables are now for the first time committed to type, in the hope and belief that they may prove interesting from their very naïveté.

EDITOR.

The Jaboti* and the Onca.

A JABOTI was once climbing up a large Sipo.† A Tiger Cat passing by said: "What are you doing Jaboti?" "Why, Onça, I am playing." "What are you playing?" said the Onça. "Why, I am jumping; do you wish to see how I jump? I will climb up again." Said the Onça: "Climb up and let me see." The Jaboti had previously fixed in the ground a stout stick of Praconvula wood, the top of which he had sharpened. He climbed up the sipo and let himself fall upon the stick, from which striking upon his hard shell, he rebounded to the ground unhurt. Said the Onça: "You know nothing about climbing, Jaboti; I can do it better than you." So the Onça climbed up the sipo far higher than the Jaboti and let himself fall, as the Jaboti had done, but striking upon the pointed stake it impaled him, piercing his belly and coming out through his back, and he died miserably. Then the Jaboti brought a large knife and cut off the legs of the Onça. Taking off the skin and flesh, he cleaned the bones, and piercing them with holes, he made a flute. Then he went playing through the wood-paths and singing, "My flute is the bones of an Onça; my flute is the bones of an Onça." The father of the Onça heard him, and coming into the path, called: "What are you singing, Jaboti?" "I am only saying, 'I have my flute,'" replied the Jaboti. "But I heard

*Land turtle or tortoise.

†Any climbing vine is so-called in Brazil.

you saying, 'My flute is the bones of an Onça,'" said the Onça. "Oh, no; you did not hear me well," rejoined the Jaboti. "It is well," said the Onça; "adios, I am going away." But he only went a short distance, and hid in the wood. The Jaboti thinking him gone, went on singing as before, "My flute is the bones of an Onça." But the Onça listening, said to himself, "O, Jaboti, if I do not eat you, no one shall; I will go and wait for you at the door of your hole." So the Onça went to the Jaboti's house and waited for him at the door. In a little while the Jaboti arrived, and seeing the Onça, called out: "What are you doing there, Onça?" "I am only looking round." "And why are you looking round my house?" "O, Jaboti," said the Onça, "your day has come, for to-day I will eat you, because you have killed my son." "Well," said the Jaboti, "if you were a man, perhaps you could; but you are only an Onça." "It makes no difference," replied the Onça, "I will catch you by the legs when you are entering your hole." So the Jaboti crawled into his hole, laughing to himself at the Onça. But the Onça caught him by the hind leg and held him fast. "O, Onça," said the Jaboti, "do you think you have caught me? You have only hold of the root of a tree." So the Onça let go, and the Jaboti going into his hole, took his flute and sang, "My flute is the bones of an Onça." "May the devil take you," said the Onça; "but I will wait for you here; when you come out I will catch you." But the Jaboti was tired and went to sleep and slept for three days and three nights. The Onça waited long, but at last, tired and hungry, went away, and so the Jaboti escaped.

The Opossum and the Jaboti.

A Macóura (Opossum) once met a Jaboti under a Tapariba* tree, where he was eating the yellow fruit. "What are you doing, Jaboti," said the Opossum. "Do you not see I am filling my belly with this fruit?" replied the Jaboti. "Which of us do you think could endure hunger longest; for a year, for example?" said the Opossum. "I could," said the Jaboti. "It is impossible," replied the Opossum. "No, it is true," said the Jaboti. "Well, then," rejoined the Opossum, "at the end of this week you go into your hole and I will shut you up there." And so it was arranged, and the Jaboti went into his hole and the Opossum sharpening wooden stakes drove them into the ground at the mouth at the hole, so that the Jaboti could not escape, for he knew that if he only filled in the earth the Jaboti would dig out. As the Opossum was going away the Jaboti called, "Fox, Fox, let me know when the Tapariba has ripe fruit again." "It is well," said the Opossum, "I will not forget to call you." So the Opossum went way and for nine months left the Jaboti shut up in his hole. Then he returned to the hole and called, "O, Jaboti, the Tapariba has borne flowers, has given fruit, the fruit has ripened, has fallen to the ground and all is finished; now I have come to call you." "Who knocks and calls at my door?" said the Jaboti. "It is I," replied the Opossum. "Is the Tapariba ripe?" "It is all passed," said the Opossum.

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* *Spondias lutea*, very plenty in the valley of the middle Amazon. All wild animals are very fond of the acid yellow fruit.

"But why did you not call me?" "O, I could not take the trouble; it was not time for you to come out," said the Opossum. "All right, call me when the Tapariba is again ripe," said the Jaboti. "All right, I will not forget," replied the Opossum, and he went away. At the end of the year the Opossum returned and called, "Jaboti, Jaboti!" "Who are you," said the Jaboti. "I am your friend, the Opossum." "Why do you call me; is the Tapariba ripe?" "No, but it is the end of the year." "O, then," said the Jaboti, "it is time for you to go into my hole and I will shut you up just as you have shut me. Let me see if you can endure hunger for one year as I have." "Why not," said the Opossum, "I have eaten many chickens, plenty of pine apples and much fruit; my stomach is well filled. I can stand hunger as well as you can." "All right, go in," said the Jaboti. So the Opossum entered the hole and Jaboti drove in the sticks and shut him up tight. Then he went away to drink water, to eat fruit, and to fill his belly, for he was very hungry. At the end of three weeks he went to the hole and called, "How are you, O, my friend, Opossum?" "I am very weak; can you tell me whether the hens have laid eggs and have big chickens?" "Yes," replied the Jaboti, "the eggs are laid and there are big Cocks and Pullets." "Why did you not call me?" said the Opossum. "Because it was not time for you to come out." "Well, then call me when they get a little larger." "I will not forget, adios," said the Jaboti, and he went away. At the end of the fourth week the Jaboti returned and called: "O! my friend Opossum, how are you?" But the

Opossum did not reply, for he had starved to death and the worms were eating him. The Jaboti had to find another house, but he had proved that he was stronger than the Opossum.

The Fox and the Tiger Cat.

There was once a Raposa (Fox) and a Couello (Tiger or Wild Cat) who were very fond of playing games together. Every day when they had done playing the Fox was accustomed to catch the chickens in the neighborhood, for he became very hungry. Soon, however, he became well known and the neighbors tried to shoot him. So frightened he avoided places where he was known and began to eat the Chickens of the Wild Cat, for the Wild Cat liked chickens and had a great many. Discovering this the Wild Cat was very angry with the Fox, and said to the neighbors: "That Fox is a rascal, we must kill him." "But how can we catch him?" said the neighbors. "We must set sentinels all along the bank of the river," said the Tiger Cat, "for after eating the Fox is very thirsty and always comes to the river to drink, and there they can shoot him; and if he does not come to drink he will die of thirst." Then the Tiger Cat went to the Fox and said: "O, my friend! all the neighbors are conspiring against you, for they are very angry because you have eaten all their chickens, and all the parts of the river are watched so that you cannot go to drink." "Thank you, my friend," replied the Fox; for three days I will not go to the river to drink." So for three days and three nights the Fox roamed through the woods and camps, eating but drinking nothing.

At the end of that time he was very thirsty, when, thinking what he should do, he saw a black man driving a cart loaded with pots of molasses which he was taking into the city to sell. "If I do not drink," said the Fox, "I shall die of thirst. I must make a fool of this black man." So he ran through the woods and came out into the road ahead of the cart and laid himself down in the road pretending he was dead. When the cart came up the black man said: "Hillao! here is a dead Fox; what could have killed him?" Then he kicked the Fox, and the Fox not stirring, he said: "Truly, he is dead," and he passed on going to the city. No sooner was he out of sight than the Fox jumped up, ran through the woods in advance of the cart, and again laid down in the road feigning death. The black man, on coming up, said: "Why, here is another dead Fox;" but he passed on along the road. Then up jumped the Fox, and running before, again lay in the road as dead. When the black man came up he exclaimed, "Why, what has happened to the Foxes? I saw one dead back there, another there, and here is the third. I will go back and get the others, for I can skin them, sell the skins, and can drink much caxaça."* So he left his cart and went back to get the other Foxes, first throwing the dead Fox into the cart. As soon as he was gone the Fox broke a pot of molasses, and rolling in it, covered all his fur with it. Then he jumped down, ran to the woods, and finding a hollow full of dried leaves, rolled among them; they all clung to his fur, and he was not a Fox any more. Then he said: "At six o'clock to-night I will go and drink." When

*A weak rum in common use in the Amazons.

he approached the brink of the river, a sentinel called, "Who comes there?" "It is I," replied the Fox. "Who are you?" said the sentinel. "I am the King of the animals, who wishes to drink, for I am thirsty," replied the Fox. "It is well; you may drink," said the sentinel, "if you are not the Fox." "O no, I am not a Fox, but the King of animals, and for a year and six months I have not tasted water." "Then drink," said the sentinel, "for you must be very thirsty." So the Fox drank all he wished. Just as he had finished, another sentinel approached and said, "Is not that the Fox drinking?" "O no," replied the first, "that is not the color of a Fox, it is the King of animals." But, the Fox having drank his fill, ran up the bank and into the woods, calling back, "Yes, I am the Fox; I am the Fox, and I have drank water." The sentinels gave chase, but the Fox ran into the thick woods where they could not follow, and they never caught him. And the Tiger Cat never forgave the Fox and nevermore played games with him.

The Onca, the Dog and the Goat.

An Onca (Jaguar) was once on very friendly terms with a Dog and a Goat Every Sunday he invited them both to his house to play cards. He did not, however, like the Goat as well as the Dog; in fact he was a little afraid of the Dog but he had it in his mind to some day make a meal of the Goat. Now the Dog was very cunning, but the Goat was a very stupid animal. One day, when they were playing, the Onca said every time he threw a card down on the table, "Why should I go to the woods to seek what I have in the house?"

The Dog, understanding him, threw down a card exclaiming, "If one does not know how to run he must walk immediately," winking at the Goat to intimate he was in danger. The Goat, taking the hint, threw down his card, exclaiming: "What a fool I was to come here." Now the Dog did not wish the Onca to kill the Goat, so he said in the midst of the game: "Excuse me, my friend Onca, I must go out a minute," winking again at the Goat. Said the Goat: "I will go with you." As soon as they were in the next room the Dog said: "O, my friend Goat, the Onca intends to kill you; but he cannot seize you when his hands are full of cards. Now the next time I say, 'if one does not know how to run he must walk immediately,' do you make some excuse to go out again, and as soon as you are outside go as fast as you can to the grass on the bank of the river.* They returned to the room and resumed the game, and when the Dog next called as agreed, the Goat said: "Excuse me, my friend, again a moment, for I have a very bad stomach ache." "Do not keep us waiting long," said the Onca, whose hands were full of cards. "O, no," said the Goat, "I will come right back." But as soon as he got outside, he went as fast as he could to the bank of the river. After waiting a while for the Goat's return, the Onca and the Dog went out to find him. The Onca went to the Goat's house, but the Dog knowing where the Goat was, went to the river. Finding the Goat there, he said to him: "The Onca will soon be here; get into this hole and I will cover yon with these great tufts of grass;

*Igaripí, literally canoe path, small deep channels very common on the Amazon.

make yourself as small as you can and keep very still, like a great piece of earth. The Goat did as directed, and soon the Dog saw the Onca coming to the river, for, not finding the Goat, he intended to make a dinner off the Dog. But the Dog suspecting him as soon as he came near, jumped into the water and swam to the other side. The Onca coming to the brink, called out: "O, Dog, you and the Goat are very cunning; I intended to eat the Goat first, and you afterwards." "O, yes," replied the Dog, "we are much more cunning than you are; you are no good; why! if you had any strength, you would throw that great lump of earth at me and kill me." The Onca, enraged, seized what he thought was really a lump of earth, and threw it across at the Dog. But as it was going through the air, the Goat cried: "Baa, baa," and the Onca saw how he had been fooled. And so the Goat who could not swim crossed the river. The Dog and the goat then went into the bushes, where the Dog hid the Goat, covering him up with grass and dried leaves. Then he returned to the bank of the river and began jeering and laughing at the Onca. Now, the Onca did not like the water, but at last, greatly enraged, he exclaimed: "O, Dog, I will catch you and eat you for my dinner," and plunging into the river he began to swim across. Then the Dog ran into the woods, but he soon heard the Onca following him. Now they were upon an island, and the Dog, running across, saw a man fishing for Piraracu* in a canoe on the river. So he went into the tall grass and began to howl. The

*Literally 'red fish.' *Surant gigas*—A very large fish common in the Amason and one of the chief articles of food of the natives.

man, hearing, said, "What can a Dog be doing here? I will go and see." So he turned his canoe to the land, and just as the Onca came out of the woods, the Dog jumped into the canoe. "Ah, my friend," said the man, "if I only had my gun I would kill you." So the Goat and the Dog escaped, and the Onca lost his dinner, and they never played cards any more.

The Man and the Cutia.*

A Cutia, once walking in the woods, found a Co-che-che-ri-ba tree, the ground beneath which was covered with the ripe yellow fruit. Having eaten his fill he returned to his house. All his friends, noticing that his stomach was very full, asked him what he had been eating. "O," he replied, "I have eaten well;" but he would tell them no more, and went into his hole. He was so happy there that he began to sing

"O que fruta tera
Co-che-che-ri-ba."

But his neighbors heard him and asked, "Where is the Co-che-che-ri ba?" But he only replied, "It is in the woods, very far away," and would tell them no more. So on the morrow they watched him when he went out, and following at a distance, soon found him making his breakfast under the tree. All began to eat, but were soon disturbed by a young girl who, seeing the fruit lying thick on the ground, began to gather it up, to eat and to fill an empty coia which she had. The Cutias all ran into the woods and waited. A Man chanced

*A small fruit-eating rodent very common in Brazil.

to come that way, and, seeing the Girl alone under the tree, he joined her, and after a little began to kiss and embrace her. The Girl resisted, but the Man, thinking no one was near, persisted. Then all the Cutias, who had been watching, began to sing

"O que fruta tera,
Co-che-che-ri-ba."

The Man, frightened, left the Girl, who ran along the path to the village, the Cutias accompanying her, singing

"O que fruta tera,
Co-che-che-ri ba."

Arriving at her house she told her mother the whole story, who called the Man to account for insulting the Girl. But the Man was very angry and said, "I will make a dinner of those Cutias." So he took his gun, and going to the wood, climbed into the Co-che-che-ri-ba tree and waited. The Cutias, returning to the tree, scented the footsteps of the Man. So instead of going to the tree, they went into the thick woods near and all began to sing

"O que fruta tera,
Co-che-che-ri-ba."

The Man waited and waited, but the Cutias were too cunning for him, and at last tired out he came down and went away. Then the Cutias eat their fill of fruit, but the Man lost both his vengence and his dinner.

The Dog, the Cat and the Rat.

In times past the animals all lived together in peace. A certain Dog and Cat were particular friends, but the Dog was a slave and had to work hard for his Master. He often complained to the Cat, "O, my friend, I am weary of life, for I have to work all the time, and have no leisure for myself." Now the Cat wished to help him, and one day she said to the Dog, "Why do you not ask your Master to give you your liberty?" The Dog thought over the matter, and concluding to follow the Cat's advice, went to his Master and asked him to give him his freedom. His Master, after awhile, consented, and, taking a pen, wrote out the Dog's freedom papers. The Dog, greatly delighted, carried them to the Cat and said, "O, my best of friends, guard these very carefully for me." "That I will," replied the Cat. Then the Dog, emancipated and no longer a slave, went walking proudly through the village and did no more work. The Cat, having the papers, bethought herself where to keep them most safely. Now the Cat was a friend of the Rat, and calling him, she said, "O, my friend, take these papers and take care of them for me in your hole." So the Rat carried the papers into his hole. Now the wife of the Rat was about to be confined, and the Rat gnawed the freedom papers of the Dog into strips and made a bed for his wife. The neighbors, seeing the Dog walking independently through the streets, asked him why he was not working. "My Master has given me my freedom," he replied. But the neighbors did not believe him and went to his former Master to ascertain the truth.

"It is true," said the Master, and calling the Dog, he bade him go and get his emancipation papers to show them. Then the Dog went to the Cat, and said, "Give me the papers which I gave you to take care of." "I will get them," said the Cat. So she went to the Rat's hole and called, "O, my friend!" "What do you want?" said the Rat. "Give me the papers which I gave you to take care of." "I will bring them," said the Rat. So he brought the papers, all gnawed into strips, dirty, and of no value. "What is this?" said the Cat. "O, my friend, forgive me!" replied the Rat, but my wife was about to be confined, and I had no hammock for her, so I used these papers to make her a bed." "May the Devil take you! You are a rascal?" said the Cat. Then the Cat went to the Dog, and showing him the papers, told him the story. The Dog, very angry, replied, "You are an unfaithful friend. I will punish you, for you have wrought ill to me." And he sprung upon the Cat and bit and tore her. The Cat escaping went to the hole of the Rat and called "I have come to punish you for your faithlessness." And she caught the Rat and killed and eat him. And ever since that time Dogs have hated Cats, Cats have eaten Rats, and the Dog has ever been the slave of Man.

The Monkey Who Cut Off His Tail.

Once there was an old Monkey who had a son who was always in mischief and who gave him a great deal of trouble. One day the son said to his father: "O, my father! I am going to cut off my tail." "Why do you wish to cut off your tail?" inquired the father. "O! it is in my way and I

want to cut it off." "Such a thing would be a great disgrace," said the father. "But I will do it," replied the son. "If you do, never enter my house again," said the father. The young Monkey, making faces at his father, ran out and went to the Barber's. "O, Barber!" said he, "cut off my tail for me." "Why do you wish your tail cut off?" asked the Barber. "I wish it; I wish it; I wish it;" said the Monkey. Without more words the Barber took his razor and sliced the Monkey's tail off clean. The Monkey ran home to his father's, and the Barber taking the Monkey's tail threw it up on the roof of the house. The Monkey, seeing his father, said: "See, my father, the Barber has cut off my tail." "Where is it?" asked his father. "I do not know," said the son. "Go and get your tail, or never enter my house again." Then the young Monkey went to the Barber's and said: "O, Barber! give me my tail." "I do not know where it is," said the Barber. "Then go and look for it," said the Monkey, "for my father is very angry with me." The Barber went out to look for the tail, and while he was gone the Monkey seeing the razor lying on the bench, secured it and ran away into the woods. Soon he came to a house where an Old Woman was scaling some little Fish with a piece of thin wood. "Old Woman, give me some Fish," said he. "I cannot," she replied. "I have but very few." "But how would you like this to scale your Fish?" said the Monkey holding up the razor. "O! it is very good; give it to me and I will give you two Fish," said the woman. "Agreed," said the Monkey. "Now give me a little farinah* to eat with my Fish." The

*Made of mandioca and used instead of bread in Brazil.

Old Woman went into the house to get the farinah and as soon as her back was turned the Monkey seized all the Fish but two and ran away. The Woman returning made a great outcry, but there being no help, scaled the two remaining Fish, and taking the basin of dirty water threw it over the bank into the igarapí, but, forgetting the razor, she had neglected to take it out of the water, and it sank to the bottom and was lost. The Monkey went on through the woods, and coming to another house, he saw the owner playing a fine violin. "I will give you the best razor in the world for your violin," said the Monkey, "Let me see it," said the Man. "I will go and get it." So the Monkey returned to the house of the old Woman and called: "Old Woman, give me my razor, and I will give you your fish." "Alas! I cannot," said the Woman, "for it is lost in the igarapí." "Then you will not get your fish," said the Monkey, and returning to the Man, he said: "I cannot find the razor, but I have some nice fish. if you will get some farinah we will have a dinner." The man went to get the farinah, and during his absence the Monkey took the violin from the table and ran away with both fish and violin. Coming to another house, he saw a lot of children playing, and he called: "Little ones, do you wish to eat fish?" "Yes, yes," cried all the children, "we are very hungry." But while the children were busy eating, the Monkey seized a baby from the ground and ran away with it. Coming to another house, he saw a Woman and said to her: "Do you want a child!" "Yes," said the Woman, "for I have none. O, Monkey what a beautiful little child!" The Monkey gave

her the child and returned to the house of his father, playing upon the violin and singing:

"From my razor, made some fish,
From my fish, I made a baby,
From the babe, a violin."

But he was a liar, and did not dare to tell that he had stolen the child. He continued singing, and would give no reply to any questions, till at last his father growing angry, said: "O, you rascal!" and aimed a blow at him with a heavy stick of wood, which striking him on the head, laid him dead on the ground. And there was nothing more of the mischievous Monkey who cut off his tail.

The Cock and the Turkey Buzzard.

A Cock once met a Turkey Buzzard, and perceiving his ill savor, said; "O, Turkey Buzzard, why is it that you have such an unpleasant smell?" "Because I am accustomed to eat my food very highly seasoned," replied the Buzzard. "But why have you no feathers on you head?" "Because I always put much oil on my head and was accustomed to wear a black hat and the sun made my head so hot that the feathers all fell out." "But why have you no feathers on your throat?" further inquired the Cock. "O, because I always wore a silk cravat, and on account of the heat the feathers would not grow," said the Buzzard. "But why do you walk with such a jump in you gait?" "Because rich men always walk so, and I imitate them." "But tell me why are your legs so rough?" "O, that is the effect of wearing silk stockings for a long time." Thus the Buzzard answered all the Cock's questions, but the Cock did not believe him, and only put him down as a great liar.

L. of C.

The Toad and the Buzzard.

Once upon a time a Toad and a Buzzard were co-sponsors. One day the Buzzard came to the house of the Toad and in course of conversation told him that the next day he was going to a grand festa or dance. "Where is it?" inquired the Toad. "O, way up in the sky," said the Buzzard. "I should like to go," said the Toad. "But it is impossible," replied the Buzzard, "for you cannot fly and there is no way you can climb up so high," "Nevertheless I will go and will meet you there," said the Toad, "but do a little favor for me; I shall have hard work, so will you not carry for me my sack of festa clothes?" "Certainly I will," said the Buzzard. "At what time do you start," said the Toad. "O, very early." "My sack shall be all ready for you." "I will call for it," said the Buzzard. "Adios." May God go with you,"* said the Toad. Early the next morning the Toad put his clothes into his sack and then crept in himself. Soon the Buzzard came and called to the Toad's wife: "O, my co-madre, where is my co-padre?" "O, he has gone long ago." "But did he leave a sack for me?" "O, yes; here it is ready." "Adios," said the Buzzard, swinging the sack on his back. The Buzzard flew way up in the sky and arriving at the house of the festa said to the Master of the Feast. "Have you seen my co-padre, the Toad?" "No," was the reply, "but he may be here, for there are a great many people and I have not seen all." "Well, here is his sack which I brought for him," said the Buzzard.

*A common expression at parting, on the Amazon.

"Leave it there under the table and I will give it to him." The Buzzard went out to the dance, and the Toad watching his chance crept out of the sack. dressed in his festa clothes and also went to the dance. Later, meeting the Buzzard, the Toad said: "At what time do you go home, co-padre?" "O, soon after dinner." "And will you take my sack with you?" "O, yes," said the Buzzard, "leave it under the table." Now, the dinner was at four o'clock. The Toad, leaving the dinner early, crept into the sack. Soon came the Buzzard and lifting the sack walked along the road from the house of the feast. After going some distance he said to himself: "Let me see what good things my co-padre is taking home from the feast" and opening the sack suddenly, there sat the Toad winking at the unexpected light. "O, you rascal," said the Buzzard, "this is the way you go to the feast!" and being angry he went away leaving the Toad in the road. The Toad, thus left to himself, said: "How am I to get down?" At last, seeing a large flat stone, he said: "I will get on this stone and let it fall with me." And so he did, clinging to the stone. But the stone in falling turned over and striking the ground with great force, the Toad was crushed to death. The wife of the Toad waited long for her husband's return. One day, meeting the Buzzard, she said: "O, Buzzard, where is your co-padre?" "He is a rascal," said the Buzzard, "you gave him to me in the sack," and he told the Toad's wife the whole story. So together they went to search for the Toad, and found his body crushed under the stone. So the Toad's wife was a widow, and the Buzzard was sorry, as he had caused the death of his co-padre.

The Deer and the Jaboti.

A Jaboti once meeting a Deer, said, "O, my friend Deer, which of us do you think can run the faster?" "I can," replied the Deer. "Well, suppose to-morrow we have a trial?" said the Jaboti. "Agreed; where shall I meet you?" "At the bank of the river; you can run there, but I am more accustomed to run in the woods," said the Jaboti." To this the Deer readily consented, for he thought, anywhere I can run faster than that silly Jaboti, and if he runs in the woods and I in the open country, I need make no effort at all. After the Deer had left him the Jaboti went into the woods and called together all his relations and told them he was to run a race with the Deer. Then he directed them the next morning to go into the woods all along the bank of the river, and to stretch themselves there at intervals, and when in running the Deer called, "where are you, Jaboti?" the Jaboti just in advance of the Deer should reply, "I am here, Deer." It was so agreed, and the next morning, early, the relations of the Jaboti having taken their stations, he himself went to the bank of the river to meet the Deer. They were soon both ready to start, and the Jaboti going just into the edge of the woods, called out, "Are you ready, Deer?" "Yes, I am ready," said the Deer. "Then, run," and off started the Deer, thinking, "I shall soon leave behind that stupid Jaboti." But the Jaboti only crept a little further into the woods and waited. The Deer ran rapidly some distance, then stopping, he called, "Where are you, Jaboti?" The Jaboti just in advance of him, replied, "I am here,

Deer." The Deer, astonished, said, "Why, I did not think that that Jaboti could run so fast," and he started off again. After awhile he again stopped and called, "Where are you, Jaboti?" The answer came just ahead of him, "I am here, Deer." "The Devil is in that Jaboti;" how he does run," said the Deer, and off he went again. This time he ran very fast, and stopped, saying, "I am now certainly ahead of that Jaboti." But on his calling out, "Where are you, Jaboti?" the same reply, "I am here, Deer," came from the woods just in advance of him. Thus the Deer ran on till he was completely exhausted, the same answer always coming from the woods, just ahead of him. At last, panting for breath, with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, he fell upon the sand. Then a Jaboti came out of the woods just before him, and going to the river, dipped up some water in his paw and poured it into the deer's mouth. The deer, somewhat recovered, said: "O, Jaboti, notwithstanding my legs are twice as long as yours, you have more strength and can run faster. Then the deer went into the woods saying: "Adieu, Jaboti; I do not care to run any more races with you." And the Jabotis all came together and laughed.

The Woman and the Devil.

Once there was a Man who had a wife who was unfaithful to him. Often had he punished her when convinced of her infidelity, but all with no effect. Again and again she deceived him, embracing every opportunity. Yet, as she was a good cook and kept his house in good order, he did

not wish to send her away, but his mind was sorely exercised to discover how he could circumvent her. Finally he thought, if I can only get the Devil to help me, I can outwit her. One day, walking in the woods, he met the Devil in the form of a Man, walking in the path. Recognizing him he called: "Diabo, Diabo?" "What do you want?" replied the Devil. "I need your assistance," said the Man; and he told the Devil the whole story. The Devil promised to aid him, the Man agreeing to give in payment anything the Devil might ask, if he would only make his wife constant. So it was agreed that the Devil should go home with the Man and remain in the house in the character of a servant. Going to the house, the Man introduced the Devil to his wife as a new servant, and the next morning, going away to fish as usual, left him in charge. No sooner was he gone, than the Woman, who knew the Devil, and suspected why he was in the house, said to herself: "How shall I outwit this Devil and be alone in the house?" Going to the door to warn her lover if he approached, she said to the Devil, to keep him busy: "Clean up all the house." The Devil, keeping his eyes on the Woman, quickly swept and put the house in order. "Now go and bring me some water," said she, giving him two large "baldes"* to fill. The Devil ran quickly to the "port" of the river near the house, and dipping the "baldes," filled them, returning almost immediately. "Turn it into the pots, then go again," and the Devil went, returning so quickly that the Woman was hopeless of

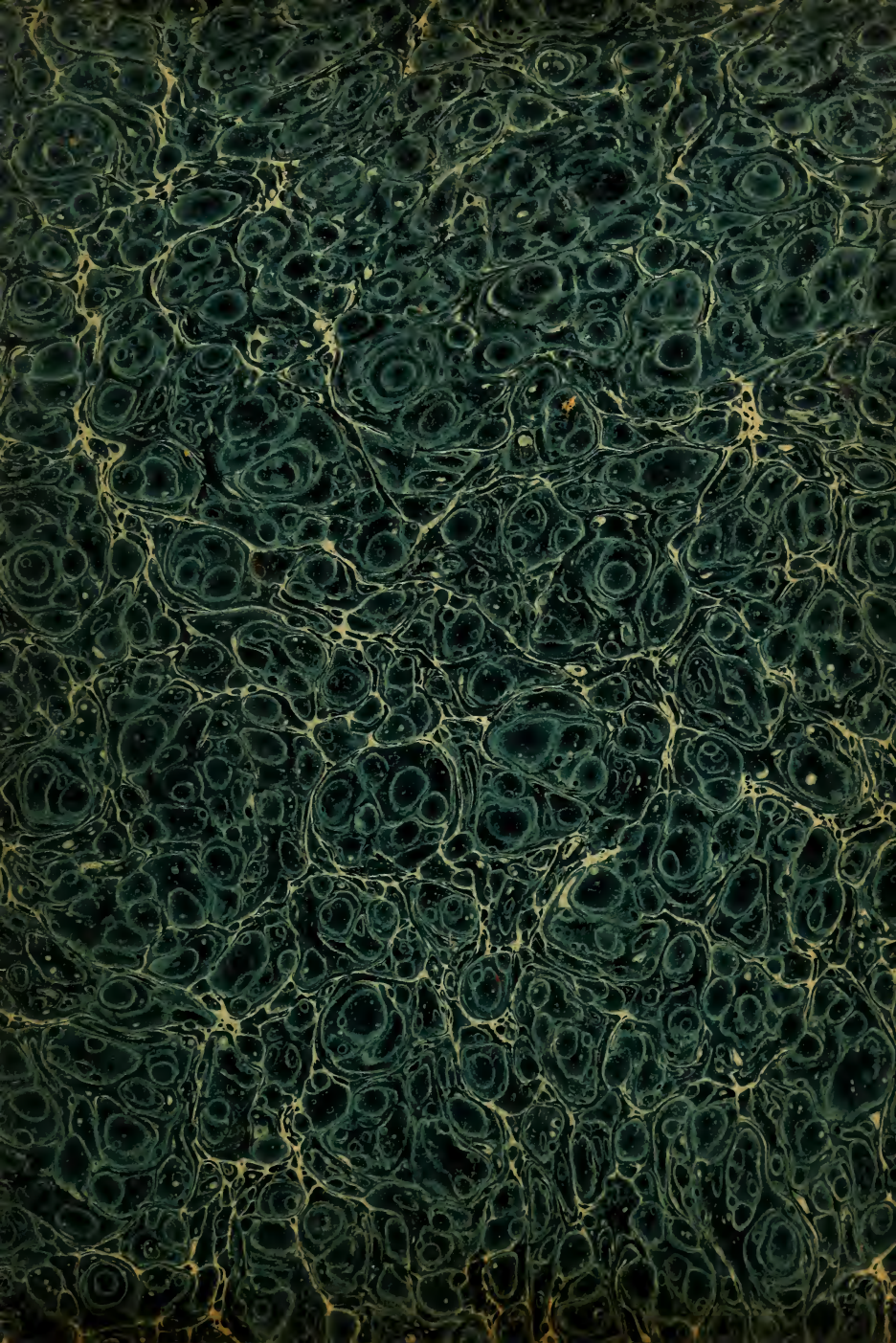
*A calabash hollowed out, only a small hole being left in the top by which it is filled, and by inserting the fingers in which it is carried, used exclusively on the Amazons in place of pails.

thus eluding him. Taking the "baldes" from him, she gave him a sack and told him to bring the water in that. The Devil ran and easily filled it, but the water all ran out on the way to the house, and he saved only a few drops. "I cannot carry water in this sack," said the Devil. "Then fill that pan, for I wish to take a bath," said the Woman." Now, the pan was full of holes and the water all ran out before the Devil arrived at the house. But he went to and fro so quickly that the Woman saw she could not get him away from the house, and saw that she must contrive to frighten him. "Go and make a fire" she said; and the Devil went to the cooking shed and by blowing the embers which were smouldering between the stones he soon had a brisk fire. While he was gone the Woman pulled two long hairs from her body and taking them to the Devil said, "My Husband wishes these two little irons well heated and made straight as a needle." Now if a mortal can deceive the Devil, the Devil runs away and leaves him." The Devil suspecting nothing, took the two hairs and went to the fire. Holding one close to the fire it shrivelled up like the hairs of a Mulatto and on holding it close it grew more twisted. 'I must not hold it below, the fire is too hot' thought the Devil; so he held both the hairs up over the fire; but the flames flashed up suddenly, shrivelled and consumed the hairs, and nothing remained but a bad smell. Then the Devil seeing he had been deceived ran with a cry into the Woods, and the Lover of the Woman came to the house as usual. This story shows that if a Woman chooses to deceive her Husband, he cannot prevent it, not even if he has the Devil to help him.

The Mother and the Lovers.

Once there was a Woman who had a very beautiful Daughter. All the young Men in the neighborhood wished to marry her, but few found any favor with the Mother. There were two, however, to whom she was favorable, but she herself was in doubt which to choose. One Sunday one of these came to call; after a while spent in talking, the Mother said: "O! my Daughter, I have no coffee to offer this young Man; go to the "roca," (the field or clearing,) and cut two long pieces of sugar cane for him." The Daughter went and soon returned with two long sticks which the Mother gave to the visitor. Taking out his knife he stripped the cane except the three top joints; then he sucked the juice, throwing aside the bagasse, and when he had finished he threw away also the three top joints, for they being not so well ripened are not very sweet. Afterwards he talked with the Mother and asked her to give him the Daughter in marriage. She replied "It is impossible for me to give you my Daughter for your Wife. I gave you cane to suck and you sucked it all until you came to the part that was less sweet and that you threw away. And that is the way you will do with my Daughter; you will enjoy her when she is young and sweet, but when she becomes old you will grow weary of her and cast her aside; I cannot give you my Daughter; you must seek some one else for a Wife." The young Man went sadly away and chanced to meet in the woods the other Lover going to make a call at the Girl's house. To him he told the whole story, bemoaning his ill-fortune. No sooner had they parted than the second

Lover hastened on to the house. He was well received, and after awhile the Mother not suspecting that her device was known, sent her Daughter as before to cut two long sticks of sugar cane. She gave these to the young Man who peeled them and eat them, sucking the joints to the very point, rejecting only the "bagasse." Afterwards he asked the Mother to give him the Daughter for his Wife. "It is well" said the Mother, "I will give you my Daughter ; for you know how to appreciate my sugar cane and have sucked it all even to the point. From this I know that you will not leave my Daughter when she becomes old and is less sweet." Meeting the other young Man, the successful Lover told him of his good fortune, at which the other exclaimed, "O! What a fool I was not to know how to suck cane, and how much bigger fool to tell you!



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